A POWER COMIC

A HULK T-SHIRT FOR YOU! SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No.65

29th APRIL 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d

BATMAN

WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

THE PENGUIN HAS BEEN ROBBED OF A LOAD OF COOKIES—(BISCUITS TO YOU!) NOW, WHY SHOULD A CROOKED BIRD LIKE HIM ASK FOR POLICE HELP? LET'S FOLLOW THE STORY AND FIND OUT—

FAT LIP HAS BEEN FORCED OUT OF BUSINESS!

CHINESE FORTUNE COOKIE BAKERY FAT LIP, PROP.

CLOSED

NO MORE DOUGH

BECAUSE SOMEONE STOLE A MERE HANDFUL OF FORTUNE COOKIES? VERY ODD!

PERHAPS THE PROPRIETOR IS STILL INSIDE!

HOLY HATCHET, BATMAN! LOOK!!

KILL! KILL! KILL!

ORIENTAL HATCHET MEN?!? IN THIS DAY AND AGE??

I KNOW IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, PARTNER...

BUT--

BOB KANE

...WE'D BETTER GET INTO THE GAME!

PUNG! CHOW! JONG

HOLY HALLOWEEN, BATMAN! THE THUGS WERE WEARING MASKS!

SO THEY AREN'T CHINESE AT ALL!

LOOKIE! LOOKIE! MORE IS REVEALED OVER THE PAGE—

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

NOW THAT THE POLICE HAVE PICKED UP THE *THUGS*, LET'S HAVE A TALK WITH *FAT LIP!*

I HOPE HE CAN SPEAK *ENGLISH!*

CLANG!

GOTHAM CITY

MR. *FAT LIP*, I PRESUME?

WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE! I NEVER EXPECTED TO MEET *YOU* TWO CATS!

BUT I CAN SURE USE A LITTLE *HELP!* I'M IN *DEEP TROUBLE*, *BATMAN!*

WE'RE *HERE* TO HELP, MR. LIP!

IT'S OUR *JOB!*

THE STOLEN FORTUNE COOKIES WERE NO *ORDINARY* FORTUNE COOKIES, *BATMAN!*

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH!

YOU *DID?*

THEY WERE ORDERED BY A RICH *PLAYBOY* TO BE USED AS *FAVOURS* AT A *PARTY*. HE GAVE HIS NAME AS -- *BRUCE WAYNE!*

THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!* *BATMAN* IS --

EASY, *ROBIN!*

I ASSURE YOU, MR. LIP, YOUR MYSTERIOUS CUSTOMER WAS *NOT* BRUCE WAYNE!

INSTEAD OF THE USUAL PAPER FORTUNE, EACH OF THE STOLEN COOKIES CONTAINED A *PRECIOUS GEM!*

SO THEY WERE *INDEED* "FORTUNE" COOKIES!

HOLY MIDAS! THE GUY WHO ORDERED *THEM* FOR PARTY FAVOURS WAS A *REAL SPORT!*

SURE -- WITH *MY* *MONEY*. I BOUGHT THE JEWELS TO FILL THE ORDER -- AND THE BIG SHOT NEVER CAME *BACK!*

INSTEAD YOU WERE *ROBBED* -- DOUBTLESS WITH THE CUSTOMER'S *CONNIVANCE!*

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A *CHUMP*, FAT LIP!

DON'T BE *RUDE*, *ROBIN!*

HE'S *RIGHT*, *BATMAN* -- AND I WONDER WHAT *CONFUCIUS* WOULD SAY ABOUT *THAT?!?*

DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING *UNUSUAL* ABOUT YOUR CROOKED CUSTOMER, FAT LIP?

NOT *PARTICULARLY*, *BATMAN*...

HE HAD A *BLACK BEARD*... A *PEG LEG*... A *HOOK* FOR A *HAND*... AND HE WAS DRESSED UP LIKE A *PIRATE*...

BUT THERE WASN'T ANYTHING *UNUSUAL* ABOUT HIM?!?

BOB KANE

COME TO *THINK* OF IT, THERE *WAS!* HE HAD A *PARROT* ON HIS SHOULDER!

IT'S JUST POSSIBLE YOU'VE GIVEN US A *CLUE*, FAT LIP!

HOLY HAWKSHAW!

A CLUE INDEED! SO WATCH OUT FOR *ACTION* NEXT WEEK!

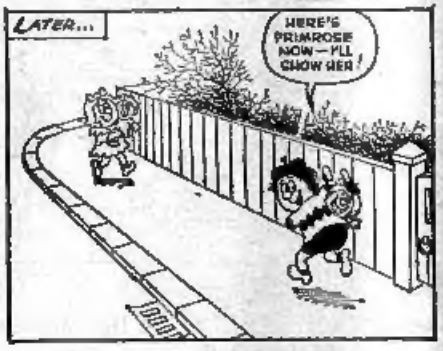
SMASH! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 12 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 6/4; abroad (including Canada) 12 months 9/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of on a mutilated condition or in any mutilated cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

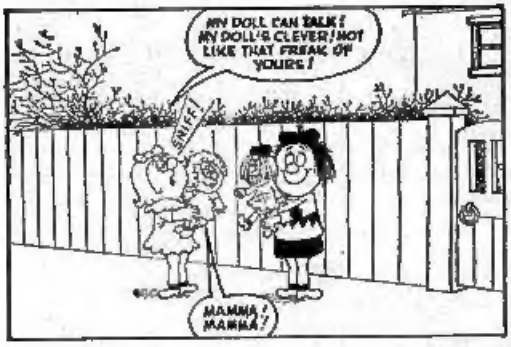
Percy's Pets

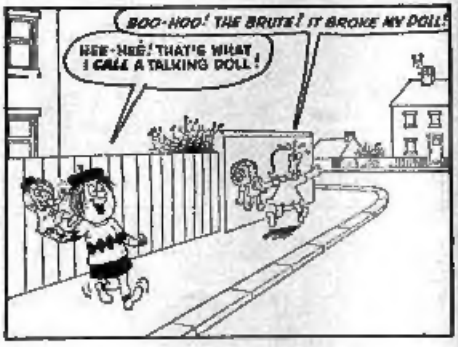
STOP! YOU THIEF! SHRIEK!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
THERE'S A RAT GOT IN HERE! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY AND CATCH IT—IT'S STOLEN YOUR DAD'S DINNER!
AW! I WANTED TO WATCH THE TELLY!
COME OUT, YOU TWERP—IT'S NEARLY EIGHT O' CLOCK AND THERE'S A SMASHING PROGRAMME ON THAT I WANT TO SEE!
SAY, CHEESE—LOUDER!
COO! THE VERY THING—RAT BAIT!
EXCUSE ME—I'LL HAVE THAT CHEESE, PLEASE, LOUISE!
GRRR! THAT THIEVING RAT IS TOO BLINKING CLEVER—EVEN THIS CHEESE WON'T TEMPT IT OUT, AND IT'S NEARLY EIGHT O' CLOCK!
PHEW! IT ISN'T HALF STRONG!
HEH! HEH! WHAT A GAS!
SNOON!
ZOOM!
BAH! I GIVE UP! IT GOT THE CHEESE WHILE I WAS GASSED!
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
HUH! I'M NOT GOING TO MISS THE RATCATCHERS FOR ANY OLD RAT!
MEANWHILE...
YEOW! WHAT DID PERCY SAY? I'M NOT MISSING IT, EITHER! THAT'S MY FAVOURITE PROGRAMME, TOO!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
SCOOP!
OUT—AND NEVER DARKEN OUR DOORSTEP AGAIN!
HEH! HEH! THE RATCATCHERS HAVE GOT NOTHING ON ME! SNIGGER!
AND...
BAH! THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING A TELLY ADDICT! I THOUGHT HE SAID THE CAT-CATCHERS—AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE THE RAT-CATCHERS! BAH!

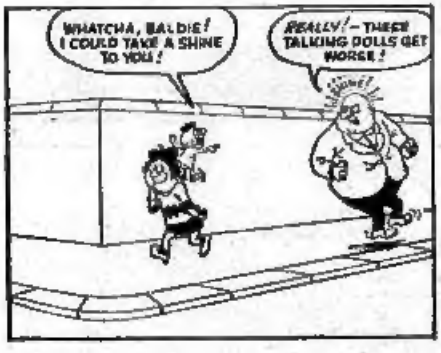
BAD PENNY

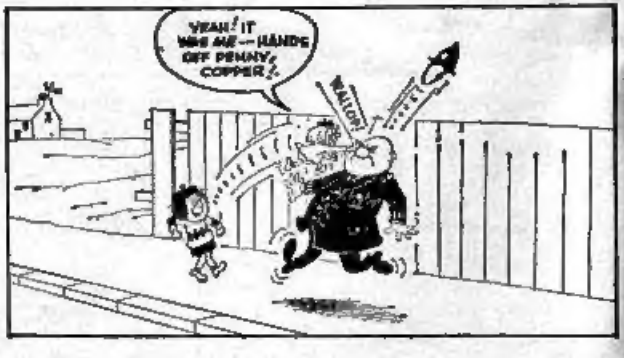
ONE PENNY 1967











ZOOM
???— I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!
COME ON! LET'S DANCE—
?
OO, 'ICK!
A F-FEATHER ??
I THINK I'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK INTO THIS —!
GRAB!
A BLINKIN' PARROT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
I'M INNOCENT! INNOCENT! IT WAS HER!
COME HERE, YOU TWO!
GUESS! YOU STUPID SHOW-OFF! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DANCE YOUR FEATHERS LOOSE?
HARD LINES, PENNY! NOT FAST ENOUGH!
EEK!
SCREECH!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? DON'T JUST STAND THERE GRINNING — GET ON WITH IT!
I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF — AND POLLY HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
HELP! LET ME OUT, YOU ROTTER!
I RECKON IT'S PENNY WHO NEEDS CAGING, POLLY! HO! HO! HO!
SO SO !!
GUESS! TRAITOR!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

THE FINAL ROUND OF THE EPIC DUEL BETWEEN RUBBERMAN AND THAT SINISTER SHOWMAN, COUNT ARENA. BUT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN YET. IT COULD BE RUBBERMAN WHO IS COUNTED OUT—FOR KEEPS!

BY USING A WATER TUNNEL, RUBBERMAN AND ALONZO HAVE YET AGAIN ESCAPED A HIDEOUS DEATH...
SOMEWHERE OVER THERE LIES SAFETY, ALONZO. WE'LL PAUSE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO GET OUR BREATH BACK—THEN START SWIMMING!
...AND HOPING, RUBBERMAN! WE COULD BE A HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST LAND!

BUT ABOVE THEM...
I'LL TAKE RUBBERMAN! YOU AIM FOR THE GUY WITH HIM!
OKAY! AT THIS RANGE WE CAN'T MISS! AND THESE EXPLOSIVE BULLETS WILL BLOW THEM BOTH TO BITS!

IT...IT'S A REGULAR INVASION! AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!
BUT HOW COME YOU'RE HERE AT ALL?
SOMEBODY ON THIS ISLAND OPENED FIRE AT AN AIRCRAFT—JUST BEFORE IT CRASHED. THE PILOT PUT OUT A CALL OVER THE RADIO...
WE HAPPENED TO BE IN THE VICINITY...SO WE WERE ASKED TO INVESTIGATE!

SO THAT'S IT! SHOOTING DOWN THAT PLANE WAS THE COUNT'S BIG MISTAKE! HIS LAST MISTAKE, MAYBE!
MAYBE IS RIGHT, RUBBERMAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM FIRST!

COUNT ARENA HAS NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER...
DO THEY REALLY THINK THAT WHEN I BUILT THIS ISLAND LAIR I DID NOT PREPARE FOR ANY EMERGENCY? I WONDER—IF SO, THEY ARE VERY, VERY WRONG...!
COUNT! THE REST OF OUR MEN—WHAT ABOUT THEM?

THE COUNT'S KILLERS ARE REWARDED FOR THEIR EVIL SERVICES...
SHUT THE DOOR! THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ALL OF THEM—THEY WILL HINDER OUR ESCAPE!

COUNT ARENA TUGS AT A LEVER...

WATCH! I HAVE A FINAL ACE UP MY SLEEVE!

FOR A KING OF SHOW-MEN, SUCH AS I, AN EXIT SHOULD BE AS EXPLOSIVE AS HIS ENTRANCE!

RUBBERMAN SEES A BOMB FALL FROM THE FLEEING HELICOPTER...

IN TEN SECONDS TWO HUNDRED TONS OF T.N.T., STORED DIRECTLY BELOW US, WILL BE DETONATED. NOW — SWING AWAY!

LOOK!

RUBBERMAN'S HANDS GRASP THE DEADLY MISSILE...

IT'S BOUND TO BE TIME-FUSED! GOT TO GET RID OF IT... FAST!

HE'S CAUGHT IT!

RUBBERMAN HURLS THE BOMB INTO THE SEA — AND...

YOU DROPPED SOMETHING! HERE... TAKE IT BACK!

RUBBER-MAN! HE'S.. AAAAA-HHHHH!

BOOM!

AN HOUR LATER...

NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT STRANGE FORCES TWISTED THE MIND OF A BRILLIANT SHOWMAN... AND TURNED HIM INTO THE EVIL BEING THAT HE WAS!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, RUBBERMAN, SOME OF THE FINEST ARTISTES OF THE RING WOULD HAVE PERISHED IN THAT MACABRE ARENA OF HIS...

ALONZO VAINLY SEARCHES FOR ONE FACE... BUT...

HE'S NOT THERE, RUBBERMAN! THAT TURBANED RAT WHO TURNED AGAINST US...!

THE FAKIR! I HAD FORGOTTEN HIM...!

BUT THEY FIND NO SIGN OF HIM...

WE'VE BEEN OVER EVERY INCH OF THE PLACE. THE MAN YOU DESCRIBED ISN'T ON THIS ISLAND, SIR. YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT!

AND HIS BODY WAS NOT AMONGST THOSE IN THE HELICOPTER, RUBBERMAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

RUBBERMAN'S VOICE IS HEAVY WITH DESPAIR...

WHO CAN TELL HOW HE MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR. HE WAS A COWARD AND A TREACHEROUS DOG WHO TURNED AGAINST THOSE WHO SAVED HIS LIFE —

BUT HE WAS MORE THAN THAT — HE WAS ALSO A MAN OF STRANGE POWERS. HE WAS THE MAN WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO WHAT I AM... A FREAK!... A MAN MADE OF RUBBER!

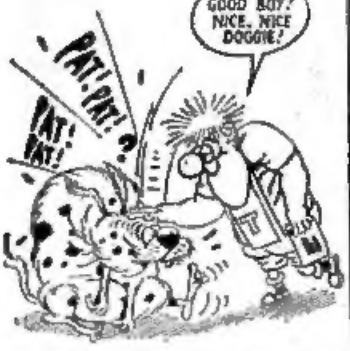
AND SO, FOR ME, THERE HAS BEEN NO VICTORY. NOR WILL THERE EVER BE... UNTIL SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE... I FIND HIM AGAIN!

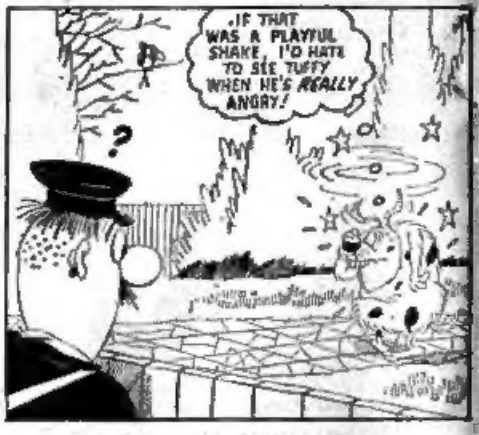
RUBBERMAN'S DESPERATE QUEST PLUNGES HIM INTO A SITUATION SO FRIGHTENING THAT IT WILL MAKE WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE SEEM LIKE A NURSERY TALE! AND IT BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW

WOULD YOU DELIVER THAT LETTER IN THERE FOR ME, TUFFY? I'M SCARED STIFF OF THE DOG!
SURE, MISTER BENN— ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE!
BEWARE OF THE DOG





MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

DID YOU KNOW?

A lot of "golden discs" are being won these days by singers like the Beatles.

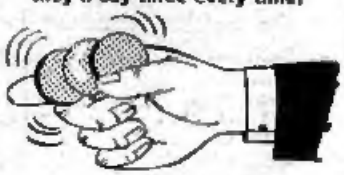
But the largest-selling pop tune ever written was Irving Berlin's WHITE CHRISTMAS. Over 18,000,000 copies have been sold so far and the number still increases every year!

Ghost Penny

Hard up? Well, here's a way to turn two pennies into three....

Place two pennies together between you thumb and forefinger. Now rub them together—and the third penny will appear between the two real ones. Trouble is, it disappears again as soon as you stop rubbing.

Still, though it won't make you any richer, it's a good trick to play on your mates. Ask them how many pennies you are rubbing, and you can safely bet they'll say three every time.



THE bus driver went past the 30 m.p.h. sign as fast as he could. The traffic lights glowed red, but he went straight across, turning into a street marked No Entry. On his way he passed several policemen, but they did not attempt to stop him. Why . . . ?

The bus driver was walking.

BOTTLED MAGIC!

Got an empty bottle? Good—you are going to make it raise a balloon and more than a few eyebrows with this trick.

Fit the neck of your balloon over the bottle and grip the bottle tightly in your hands.

That's all you do. . . . But in a short time the balloon will begin to get bigger and bigger.

There's no magic in the trick, although your audience may think so.

Quite simply the heat of your hands causes the air inside the bottle to expand and rise into the balloon to blow it up!

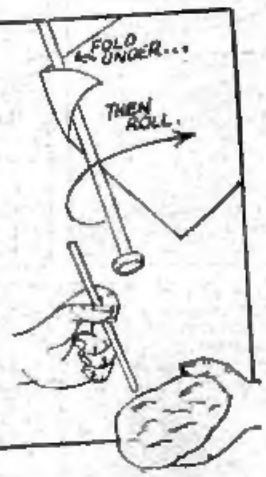
PAPER KNIFE

Hold up a sheet of writing paper in one hand and a raw potato in the other. Now challenge anyone to pierce the potato with the paper.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it—and it is *unless you do it this way*....

Place a knitting needle at one corner of the paper, tuck under the edge as the drawing shows and roll the needle. This will shape the paper into a cylinder like a drinking straw.

Hold it tightly in the middle with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand—now stab the potato hard. Believe it or not, it will sink in like a dagger!



SLICK STICK TRICK

(Bet you can't say it fast!)

Can *you* stand a match on its end? Challenge anyone you like to try—they will soon give up.

But it is so easy . . . all you do is to secretly rub the wooden end against your teeth—stand it upright—and press down. It will remain standing for hours.

Thanks to Knowall Ashley Mitchell who is with the R.A.F. in Berengaria.

Answer to Last Week's Jail Break . . .

The prisoner picks up all the coppers and puts them in his pocket!

CARTOON FROM: J. BATES, IPSWICH, SUFFOLK—

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

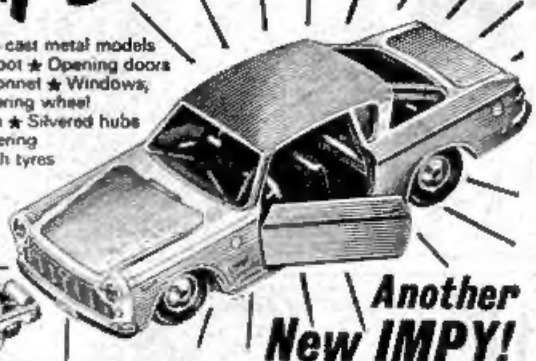
My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Impy Super Cars have EVERYTHING!

★ Die-cast metal models
★ Opening boot ★ Opening doors
★ Opening bonnet ★ Windows, seats and steering wheel
★ Suspension ★ Silvered hubs
★ "Axial" steering
★ Non-scratch tyres
★ Jewelled headlights
★ Engine



Another New IMPY!

No. 21 FIAT 2300S COUPE

1967 will be a great year for IMPYS! There'll be a super new model every month including:

Alfa Romeo Giulia Spider
Foden Tilt Cab Truck
Ford Taunus
Payloader Tractor

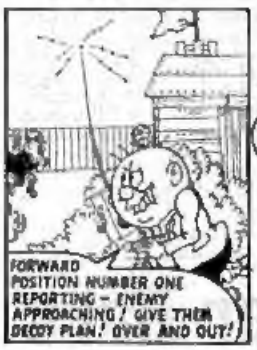
Watch out for them!

LONE★STAR ROADMASTER Impy SUPER CARS only 3/-

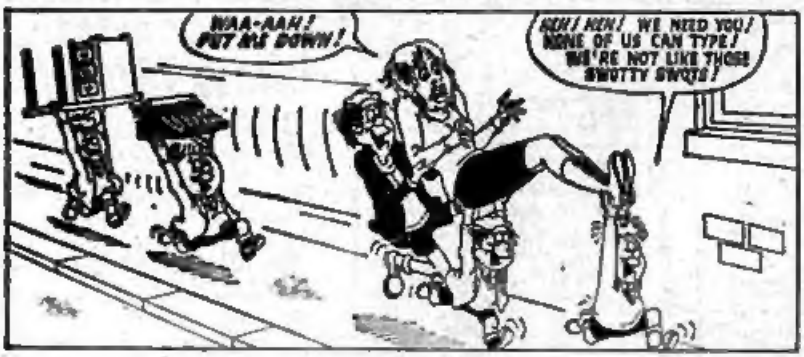
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

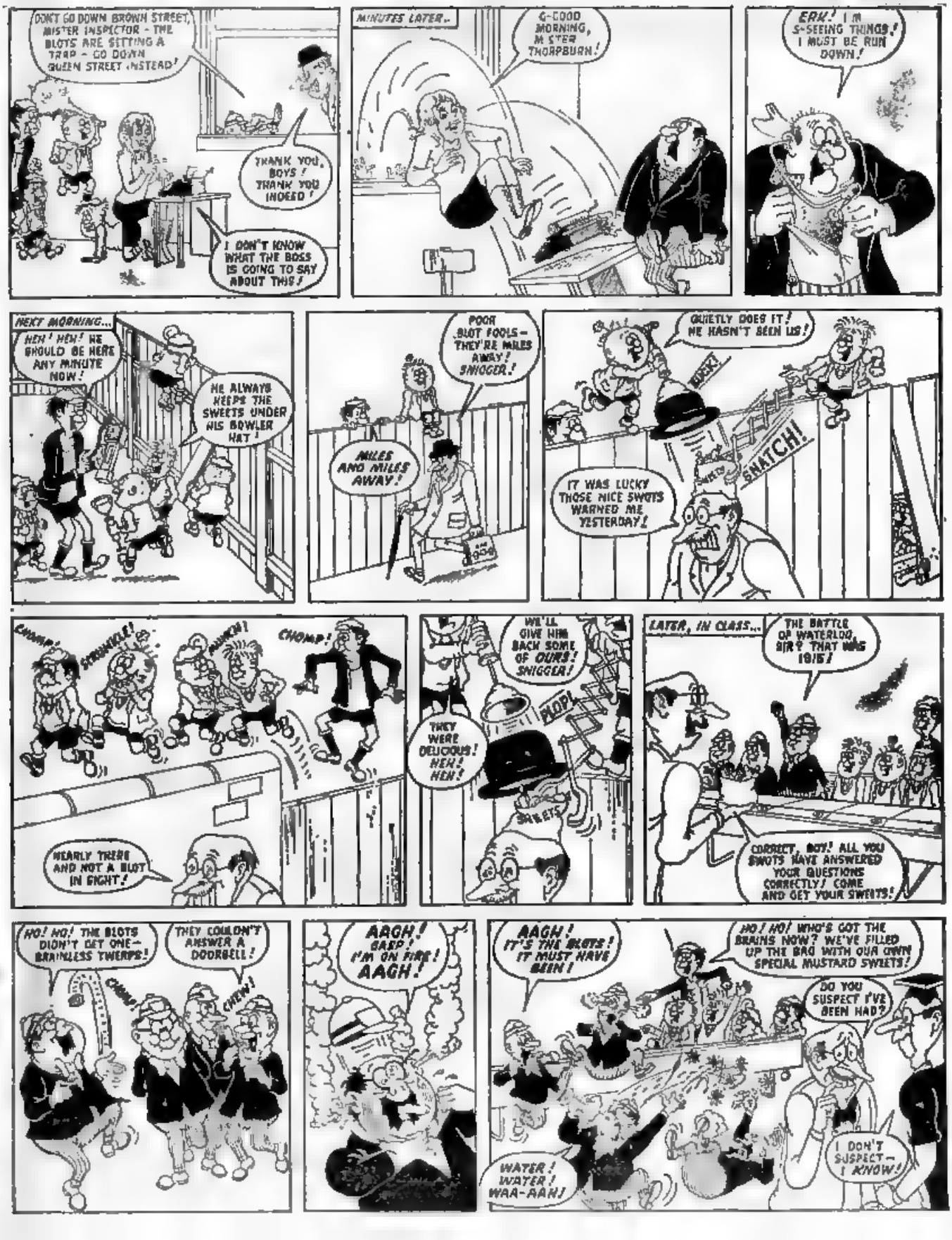
GRRR! THE SCHOOL INSPECTOR'S COMING TOMORROW AND HE ALWAYS GIVES YOU A SWEET FOR EVERY QUESTION YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY!
YEAH! AND THAT MEANS THE SWOTS WILL GET ALL THE SWEETS! SNARL!

TEE! HEE! WE'LL LISTEN IN TO THEIR PLAN, THEN WARN THE POOR INSPECTOR!
PLOT!
PLOT!
THOSE BLOTS HAVEN'T THE BRAINS OF A MENTALLY-DEFICIENT DODO! SNIGGER!



THE INSPECTOR ALWAYS COMES DOWN BROWN STREET THEN TURNS LEFT INTO HOPE STREET, THEN STRAIGHT ON FOR SCHOOL - SO WE'LL AMBUSH HIM AT THE CORNER AND GRAB THE SWEETS!
ONE CARBON COPY, CLARENCE!
WHAT TWERPS! WE'LL JUST TELL THE INSPECTOR TO TAKE A DIFFERENT ROUTE!




DON'T GO DOWN BROWN STREET, MISTER INSPECTOR - THE BLOTS ARE SITTING A TRAP - GO DOWN QUEEN STREET INSTEAD!
THANK YOU, BOYS! THANK YOU INDEED!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BOSS IS GOING TO SAY ABOUT THIS!
MINUTES LATER..
G-GOOD MORNING, MISTER THORPBURN!
ERK! I'M S-SEEING THINGS! I MUST BE RUN DOWN!
NEXT MORNING...
HEH! HEH! HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
HE ALWAYS KEEPS THE SWEETS UNDER HIS BOWLER HAT!
POOR BLOT FOOLS - THEY'RE MILES AWAY! SNIGGER!
MILES AND MILES AWAY!
QUIETLY DOES IT! HE HASN'T SEEN US!
SNATCH!
IT WAS LUCKY THOSE NICE SWOTS WARNED ME YESTERDAY!
CHOMP!
SCRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
CHOMP!
NEARLY THERE AND NOT A BLOT IN SIGHT!
WE'LL GIVE HIM BACK SOME OF OURS! SNIGGER!
PLOP!
THEY WERE DELICIOUS! HEH! HEH!
SWEETS
LATER, IN CLASS...
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, SIR? THAT WAS 1815!
CORRECT, BOY! ALL YOU SWOTS HAVE ANSWERED YOUR QUESTIONS CORRECTLY! COME AND GET YOUR SWEETS!
HO! HO! THE BLOTS DIDN'T GET ONE - BRAINLESS TWERPS!
THEY COULDN'T ANSWER A DOORBELL!
CHEW!
CHEW!
AAGH! GASP! I'M ON FIRE! AAGH!
AAGH! IT'S THE BLOTS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN!
HO! HO! WHO'S GOT THE BRAINS NOW? WE'VE FILLED UP THE BAG WITH OUR OWN SPECIAL MUSTARD SWEETS!
DO YOU SUSPECT I'VE BEEN HAD?
I DON'T SUSPECT - I KNOW!
WATER! WATER! WAA-AAH!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
"NOT ALL MY POWER CAN SAVE ME!"
THE LEADER IS DEAD! .. KILLED BY THE ULTIMATE MACHINE WHICH I TOOK FROM THE WATCHER!
SO I'M FREE AGAIN! I DON'T OWE ANYTHING TO ANYONE!
YEAH! THE HULK IS FREE . WITH THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE HUNTING ME HOUNDING ME ANYTHING ME I'M FREE . TO DO WHAT??
NO NEED FOR A FOLLOWUP ISSUE! THIS ISH . THE CHALLENGE ABOVE IS ALL YOU POWER PACK PEOPLE REQUIRE! SO NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WONDERMENT IS IN STORE FOR US!
THE LEADER SAID THIS THING HELD ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN THE GALAXY IT MUSTA BEEN TOO MUCH FOR EVEN HIS BRAIN TO HANDLE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT ME! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
EVEN THOUGH I TURNED INTO THE HULK, I STILL HAVE BRUCE BANNER'S BRAIN .. BUT WHY IS IT SO HARD FOR ME TO THINK NOW?
IT'S AS THOUGH THE LIMITLESS POWER OF MY BODY IS OVERLOADING MY MIND!
BRUCE BANNER'S THOUGHTS SEEM STRANGE TO ME SHADOWY AS IF THEY'RE SLOWLY FADING AWAY GETTING HARDER TO HANG ONTO!
BUT WHO CARES??! I'D RATHER BE THE HULK! NOTHING CAN HURT ME .. NOTHING CAN STOP ME BANNER WAS JUST A WEAKLING!
BUT I'M TOP DOG ANYWHERE!
THEN, WITH ONE INCREDIBLE LEAP THE MOST POWERFUL LEGS OF ANY MORTAL PEOPLE, THE GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH HIGH ABOVE THE ANCIENT CITY OF ROME ...
I WANNA COME HERE, TO PAY THE LEADER BACK FOR SAVIN' MY LIFE! BUT THE DEBT'S CANCELLED NOW!
SO I'M TAKIN' OFF AGAIN! I NEED ROOM... SPACE TO MOVE IN! NOTHIN'S GONNA FENCE ME IN AGAIN!
I DON'T CARE IF EVERYTHING THAT LIVES IS OUT TO GET ME! I'LL SMASH 'EM ALL! I CAN BEAT ANYONE... ANYTHING!
THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!
I HOPE I NEVER TURN INTO BANNER AGAIN! I WANNA KEEP MY POWER! I'LL NEVER GIVE IT UP! I'LL BE THE HULK FOREVER!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1982

MINUTES LATER, ON A LEDGE ATOP A REMOTE PEAK IN THE TOWERING ALPS ...
THERE'S NO ONE WITHIN MILES OF ME HERE! SO I'LL SET DOWN AND DO SOME FIGURIN'!
I CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE RUNNING AND HIDING! IT'S TIME FOR EVERYONE ELSE TO RUN FROM ME!
I'M THE STRONGEST LIVIN' MAN THERE IS! AND I GOT THE WATCHER'S ULTIMATE MACHINE, ALSO!
NOW, ALL I GOTTA FIGURE OUT IS WHAT TO DO NEXT...!
IF ONLY IT WASN'T GETTIN SO HARD FOR ME TO THINK...!
WHEN THE LEADER SHOVED HIS HEAD INTO THIS THING, IT KILLED 'IM! BUT MY SKIN'S A LOT THICKER THAN HIS WAS!
I'M GONNA SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT MYSELF! I MIGHT AS WELL... I GOT NOTHIN TO LOSE...!
THE WORST IT CAN DO IS KILL ME AND THAT SURE AIN'T GONNA BREAK ANYBODY ELSE'S HEART!
THUS, WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE INCREDIBLE HULK RAISES HIS HEAD INTO THE UNEARTHLY DEVICE WHICH THE WATCHER CALLED HIS ULTIMATE MACHINE... THE STOREHOUSE OF ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN THE GALAXY ...!
LUCKY I'M THE HULK NOW... NOT BRUCE BANNER! HE'D BE TREMBLIN' LIKE A LEAF AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL HE'S GONNA LEARN! ME, I'M JUST PROVIN' NOTHING CAN HURT ME!
BUT THEN, THE GREEN TITAN REELS BACK AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL... HIS HEAD THROBBING WITH THE IMPACT OF WHAT SEEMS TO BE A BILLION VOICES, ALL TALKING AT ONCE ...
MY BRAIN!? IT'S ON FIRE... FEELS LIKE IT'S GONNA EXPLODE...!
GOTTA GET IT OFF... BEFORE IT KILLS ME! LIKE IT DID THE LEADER!
CAN EVEN THE INCREDIBLE HULK WITHSTAND THE POWER OF THE ULTIMATE MACHINE— OR WILL THE DEADLY HELMET CLAIM ITS SECOND VICTIM? THE ANSWER ADDS UP TO A STARTLING MOVIE-LENGTH INSTALMENT NEXT ISH!

HAVE YOU JOINED THE HULK T-SHIRT SET?

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

TO SMASH, Dept. S.M.1£, Rochester X, Kent.

Please send me the Incredible Hulk T-Shirt(s) as described.

Chest Sizes 28, 30, 32 in. Price 6s. 11d.
Chest Sizes 34, 36, 38 in. Price 8s. 11d.
Both Prices Post Free

SIZES 28 30 32 34 36 38
No. reqd

Total number reqd .....

I enclose Cheque / P.O. No. ..... Value .....

Remittance must be by postal order or cheque, crossed /& Co./ and made payable to ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

NAME .....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS .....

SIZES 28 30 32 34 36 38
No. reqd
Total No. reqd

NAME .....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

Send SMASH, Dept. S.M.1£, Rochester X, Kent

PLEASE CUT NEATLY ALONG BROKEN LINES

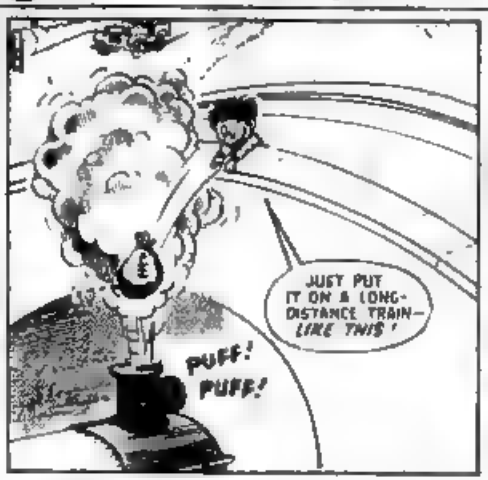
CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND POST IT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO: SMASH, DEPT. S.M.1£, ROCHESTER X, KENT

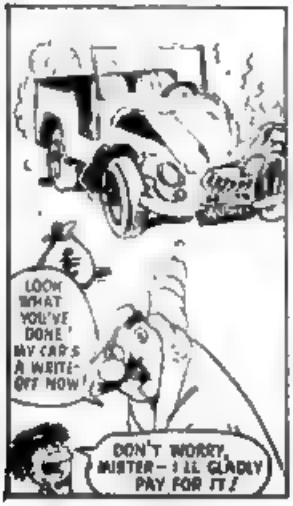
PLEASE CHECK THAT BOTH PARTS OF COUPON ARE COMPLETED.

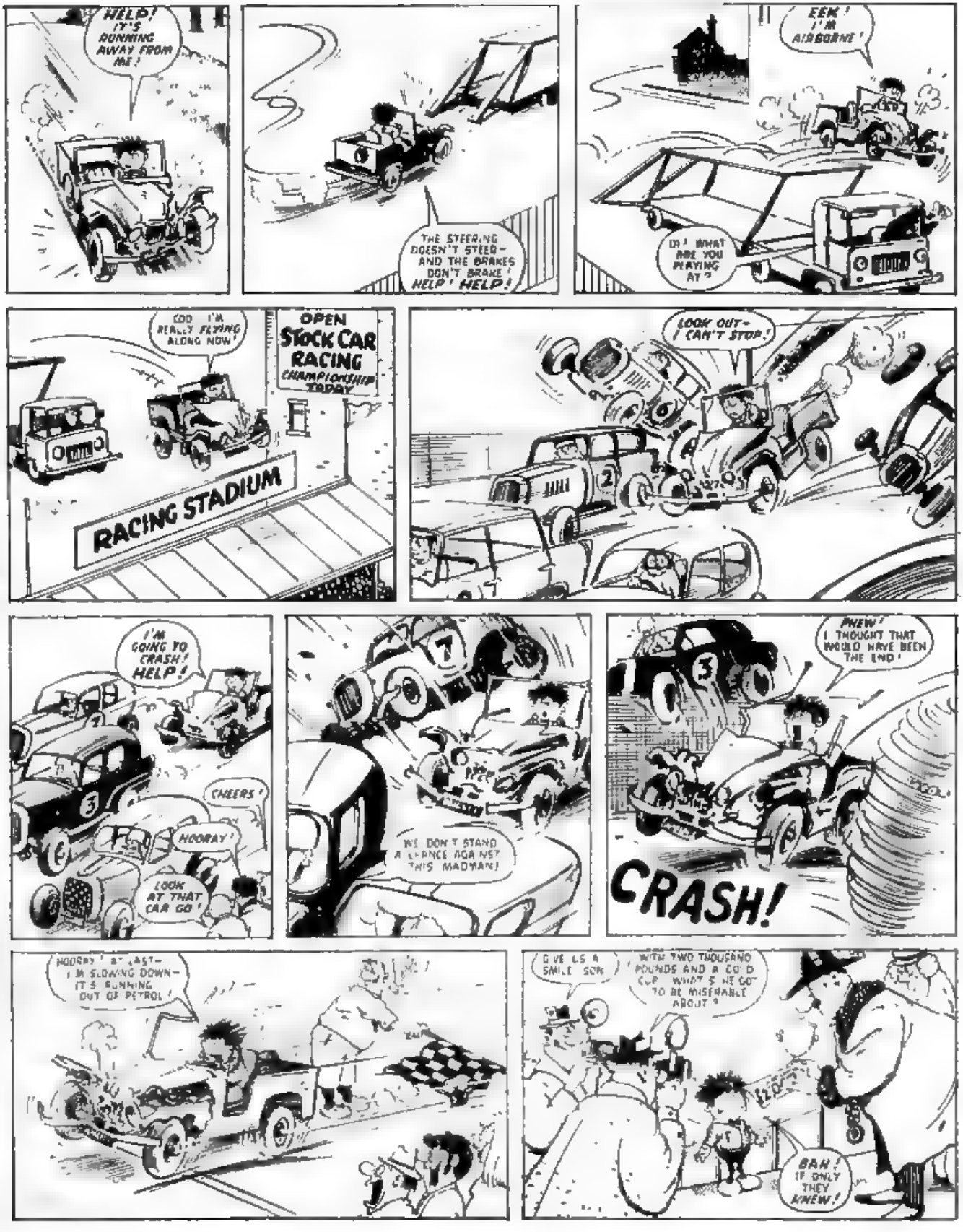
We regret that this offer is not open to readers overseas. Non-readers will be liable for the payment of any Customs or Import Duties which may be levied.

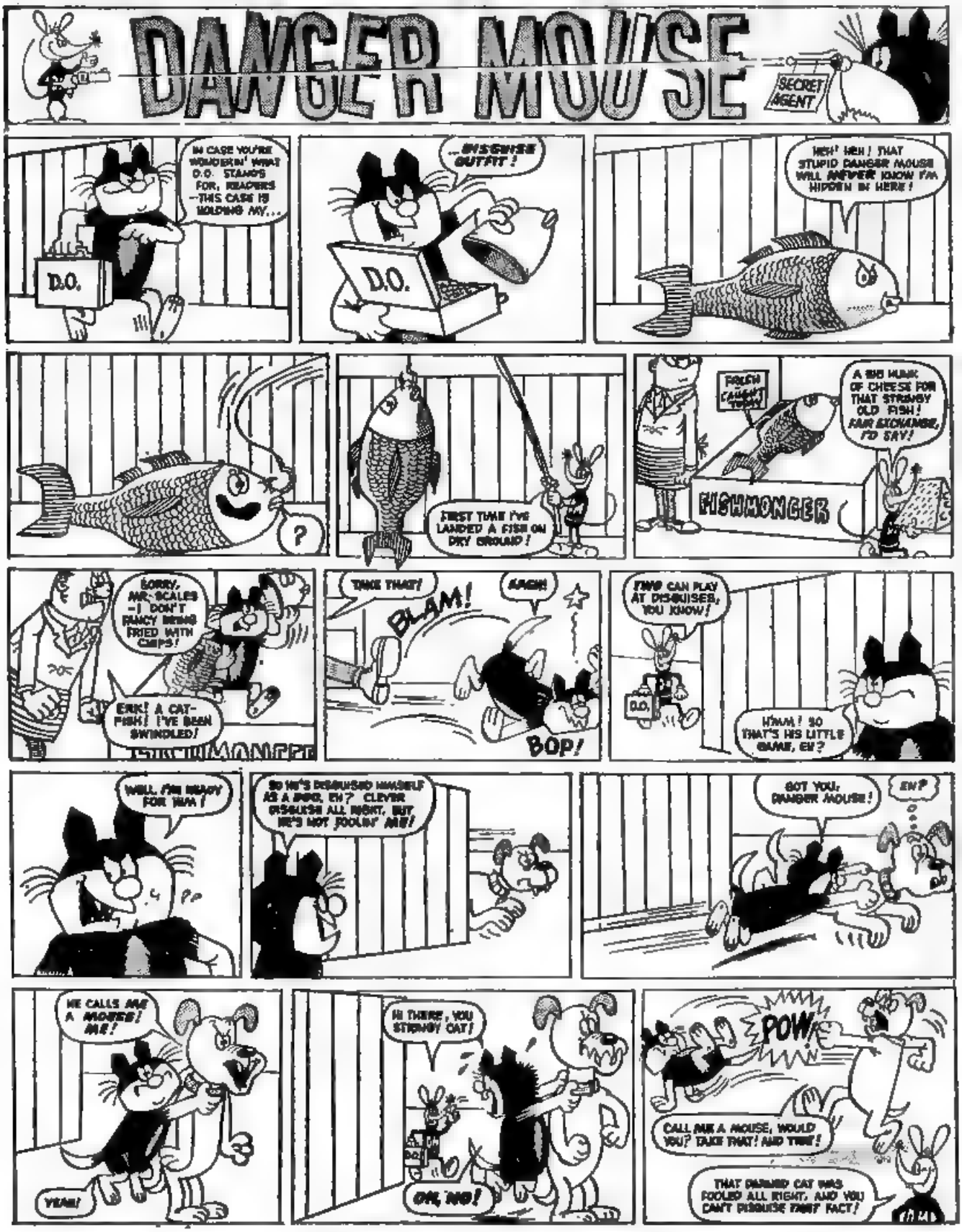
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH





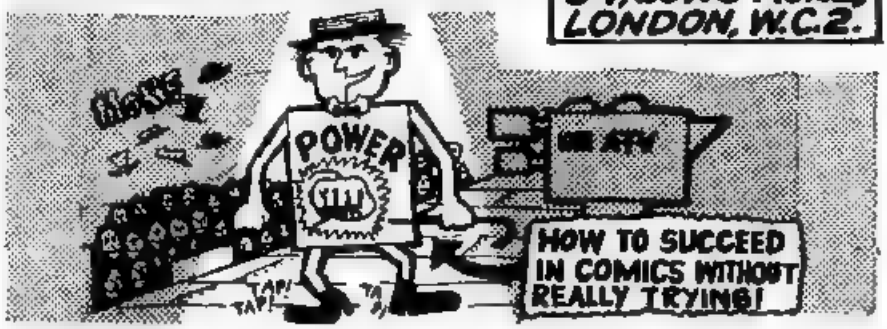

HELP! IT'S RUNNING AWAY FROM ME!
THE STEERING DOESN'T STEER – AND THE BRAKES DON'T BRAKE! HELP! HELP!
EEK! I'M AIRBORNE!
OH! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
COO I'M REALLY FLYING ALONG NOW!
OPEN STOCK CAR RACING CHAMPIONSHIP TODAY
RACING STADIUM
LOOK OUT – I CAN'T STOP!
I'M GOING TO CRASH! HELP!
CHEERS!
HOORAY!
LOOK AT THAT CAR GO!
WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THIS MADMAN!
PHEW! I THOUGHT THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END!
CRASH!
HOORAY! AT LAST – I'M SLOWING DOWN – IT'S RUNNING OUT OF PETROL!
GIVE US A SMILE SON
WITH TWO THOUSAND POUNDS AND A CUP WHAT'S HE GOT TO BE MISERABLE ABOUT?
BAH! IF ONLY THEY KNEW!


DANGER MOUSE
SECRET AGENT
IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERIN' WHAT D.O. STANDS FOR, READERS —THIS CASE IS HOLDING MY...
D.O.
—DISGUISE OUTFIT!
D.O.
HEH! HEH! THAT STUPID DANGER MOUSE WILL NEVER KNOW I'M HIDDEN IN HERE!
?
FIRST TIME I'VE LANDED A FISH ON DRY GROUND!
FRESH CAUGHT TODAY
A BIG HUNK OF CHEESE FOR THAT STRINGY OLD FISH! FAIR EXCHANGE, I'D SAY!
FISHMONGER
SORRY, MR. SCALES —I DON'T FANCY BEING FRIED WITH CHIPS!
ERK! A CAT-FISH! I'VE BEEN SWINDLED!
TAKE THAT!
BLAM!
AACH!
BOP!
TWO CAN PLAY AT DISGUISES, YOU KNOW!
D.O.
HMM! SO THAT'S HIS LITTLE GAME, EH?
WELL, I'M READY FOR HIM!
SO HE'S DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A DOG, EH? CLEVER DISGUISE ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S NOT FOOLIN' ME!
GOT YOU, DANGER MOUSE! EH?
HE CALLS ME A MOUSE! ME!
YEAH!
HI THERE, YOU STRINGY CAT!
OH, NO!
POW!
CALL ME A MOUSE, WOULD YOU? TAKE THAT! AND THAT!
THAT DARNED CAT WAS FOOLED ALL RIGHT, AND YOU CAN'T DISGUISE THAT FACT!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Everybody's talking about Power Comics these days! Following all the other publicity spotlights that have been be-dazzling us, a recent issue of the Sunday Citizen had a lot to say about the word of Power—and they even decorated their centre pages with some artwork borrowed from our Power Comics! And that isn't all! The Evening Standard also gave Power Comics a mention. Hooo Boy! The message is clear. The whole wide world is starting to sit up and realise that this is the age of Power!



* * *

If you haven't sent off your postal order for a HULK Tee-shirt you've proved your point. Okay—we admit it. You've got will-power, Tiger! But why be a wise guy and try to hold out any longer? Get one of these gorgeous garments whilst they're still going—and they're going this week in SMASH!

It's Terrific! That's what your letters say about TERRIFIC—the New-est, True-est, "You"-est addition to the ranks of POWER-COMICS! And remember, this week's issue is EXTRA-TERRIFIC—the extra being the FREE ASTRO-DART that flies through the air with such zip that it has all the birds (and it's the winged birds we mean!) green with envy.

TWENTY POWER PACKED POWER HOUSE PEOPLE

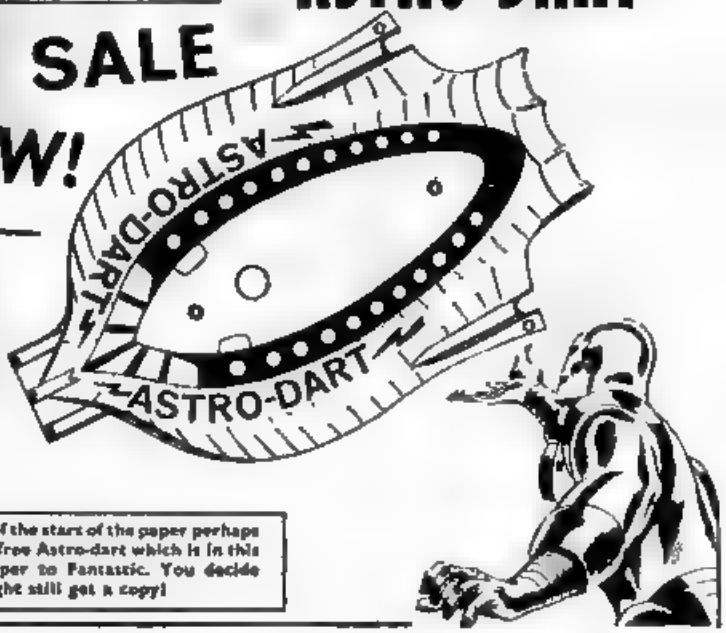
Kevin Grant, Nr. Doncaster, Yorkshire; Michael Lawrence, Dines Green, Worcester; Marilyn McFarlane, Stirlingshire, Scotland; Mark Walton, Croydon, Surrey; Robert Chapman, Huddersfield, Yorkshire; Steven Morgan, Trowbridge, Wiltshire; Robert Curran, Co. Down, N. Ireland; Robert Lockwood, New Addington; Paul Graham, Slough, Bucks; John Clarke, Sedgley, Nr. Dudley, Worcs; Andrew Ritchie, Leeds 6, Yorks; Bill Jones, Reading, Berks, Peter Bell, Preston, Lancs; Paul Johns, Swansea; Glamorgan, Jane Leigh, Stanmore, Middx; Anthony Morris, London, N.W.11; Raymond Chipman, Manchester 22; Jeff Kent, Plymouth, Devon; Russell Owles, Gillingham, Kent, Mario D'Amico, Edinburgh 9, Scotland.

IT'S TERRIFIC

No. 3. 29 APRIL 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

WITH THE FREE ASTRO-DART

NUMBER 3 IS ON SALE NOW!



Sub-Mariner, Iron-Man, Giant-Man, Wasp Girl, Captain America, Doctor Strange, Thor.... With a cast like this we really need Cinemascope. But we've managed to get them all into 40 pages! And the result is ... you've said it ... TERRIFIC!

Even the Iron Man agrees it's Terrific! (But as he's one of the stars of the paper perhaps he's biased!) Could be, of course, he's referring to the free Astro-dart which is in this week's Terrific, the fantabulous new companion paper to Fantastic. You decide yourself, if you belt round to the newsagent you might still get a copy!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

THIS ROOM'S THICK WITH DUST, CHARLIE- GET IT DUSTED!
GRRR! I HATE DUSTING- I WAS JUST GOING TO WATCH MY TELLY!
TO PUT WITH DUSTING- 'SON OF GERONIMO' IS ON JUST NOW! I DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT!
INDIANS GOT COLDS IN HEADS- PALEFACE PINCH ALL UM FEATHERS! PALEFACE MUST DIE! SON OF GERONIMO HAS SPOKEN!
AAGH! HERE DWE UM PALEFACE THIEF! MAKE UM FEATHERS INTO DUSTER!
HELP! IT ISN'T THAT AT ALL- GULP!
DEATH TO PALEFACE!
AAGH! THE RED TWIT'S COME OUT!
HEAP PLENTY FINE FEATHERS- MAKE HEAP PLENTY FINE HEADDRESS!
WAA-AAH! GET OFF, YOU RED LUMP! MUM WILL BRAIN ME FOR THIS!
WALLA-UGH! UNH! STIKKA UPPA JOOMPA! UH! UH! YEAH!
I HOPE THIS ISN'T THE LAST DANCE! GULP!
DEATH TO UM PALEFACE! DEATH TO UM FEATHER-PINCHER!
G-GULP! IT WAS THE LAST DANCE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I WISH I'D DECIDED TO DO THE DUSTING NOW!
HELP! BILLY- UNTIE ME- QUICK!
WHERE UM PALEFACE? YOU NO ESCAPE ME!
PAH! THANKS BILLY, JUST IN TIME!

COO! DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD A RESERVATION AROUND HERE!
?
HELP! HELP!
OH, NO! HE'S FIRING ARROWS AT ME NOW!
AND I DO NOT MISS NEXT TIME!
AAGH! HE'S GOT ME! I'M DONE FOR!
?
HELP! WH- WHAT KIND OF ARROW IS HE FIRING?
COO! HE'S SHRUNK BACK TO TELLY SIZE— AND SO DID THE ARROW!
IT'S HEAP NOT FUNNY!
OH, NO! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!
THE FEATHERS FROM MUM'S DUSTER HAVE SHRUNK TOO!
BACK HOME...
I DON'T THINK I'LL DO MUCH DUSTING WITH THIS!
SERVES UM PALEFACE RIGHT!
OH, BOY! LOOK WHO'S ON NOW— I'M SAYED! YAHOO!
OUT YOU COME, LAD!
SOON...
HELLO, FOLKS! IT'S YOUR OLD PAL, KEN DODD! SORRY, MADAM!
NO! NO! KEN DODD'S TICKLING STICK MAKES A SMASHING FEATHER DUSTER AND HE'S PROMISED TO LEAVE IT BEHIND WHEN HE GOES BACK TO THE TELLY!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!— 64, Long Acre, London W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

Have you any idea how much sympathy I need. I have had one copy of SMASH, and I thought it was great. The only trouble is that my Dad says it is a boys' comic and won't order it for me. Is there any way of persuading him? Please!

Barbara Fox,
Plumley, Cheshire.

● *Who says the Age of Chivalry is dead? Even Amiable Alf and Cowardy Cos cannot resist the cry of a maiden in distress. So we're bunging off a Pound post-haste. All you do now, Babs, is buy yourself a supply of Power Comics and leave them lying about the house for Dad to read. We usually find that this does the trick—they start buying them for you so that they can read 'em. S'true!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think SMASH is SMASHing! My favourite stories are 'Batman' and the 'Hulk.' Please, bring the 'Avengers' back, as I like them very much, especially the 'Wasp' and 'Captain America'. In issue No. 54 of SMASH you have drawn 'Poison Ivy' (in the Batman story) with long blonde hair. In all the American Batman Comics that I have read, 'Poison Ivy' has brown hair, shoulder length and it curls under. Also in these American comics, she is pictured in a bathing suit made of ivy leaves, she also wears green tights. Please, who is right, and who is wrong? And if you're wrong, what's your excuse?

In all the Batman stories in SMASH you make Robin say childish and foolish things. He doesn't say things like this on television, or in other comic strips! Please, do something about this, as I am a keen Robin fan. And if you do not do so, I shall report you to the R.S.P.C.R. (Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Robin!).

I bet you don't print this letter, because of all the criticisms.

P.S. But I know more about Batman and Robin than you do!!!!!!!!!

Pauline Langfield,
Hounslow, Middx.

● *Who says we don't show Poison Ivy in her ivy-leaf swimsuit? And can't a girl change her hair sometimes (we've got to meet one that doesn't!)? Sorry about the things Robin says—but he says them, not us.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Your four POWER mags are the greatest papers out, they're worth every penny of 7d and the 9d for FANTASTIC.

As I'm writing this letter, my 9-year-old brother is climbing all over me and he has just said that there are only three POWER mags. Shall I bash him for you?

Have you always published WHAM or have you only recently taken it over? I remember in one comic I got some time ago there was one strip, 'Do you believe in ghosts?' I think the comic might have been WHAM, but I'm not sure. If it was WHAM would you bring this back, it was great!

Could we have more of HULK? You used to give us up to 8 pages, but now we usually get about 3.

The Legend Testers is your best strip, could you make it 4 pages instead of 2?

But even if you left SMASH as it is I'd still vote it the best mag. Keep it up, for the sake of the coming Age of Power (or perhaps it's already come?)!

Robert Naylor,
Bromley, Kent.

● *Don't bash your brother, Bob—buy all the FIVE Power Comics and 'over-POWER' him! You're dead right about our Ghost feature, too. If enough readers want it back . . . who knows?*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think whoever invented SMASH should be awarded the MBE because it's the Smashiest comic ever made and not only that, it cheers me up when I'm ill or I have homework to do. There are no words in the English language to describe SMASH—it's twice as good as all the other comics put together. Please, please, please publish this letter because I have never ever won a competition or had a letter published in any comic at all!

P.S. Everything written in here is the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Leslie Keenen,
Woodhall, Lincs.

● *With fans like you, Les—who wants a medal?—still, we'll have to keep an eye on the Honours List, just in case.*

Alf and Cos.

★ ★ ★

Many of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 101 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

The feature I don't like is:

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 4d. stamp for postage.

Tell your parents you are writing

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to —

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (Dept. FS), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

118 STAMPS

ALL DIFFERENT

SUPERB SETS include MONACO (Go-kart) (3), CONGO Europa (3), AUSTRIA 1915 War Set (3), TOGO- Pres. Kennedy and scarce Slavery overprints (4); MONGOLIA Fantastic Rockets (3), PANAMA Olympic Gold Medal stamps, PARAGUAY—Giant Pope Paul. Total 118 stamps (worth $7.) from all over the world ONLY 1/- (postage 3d.) Request Approvals. Approvals are stamps sent 14 days free inspection. Buy what you want, return the rest.

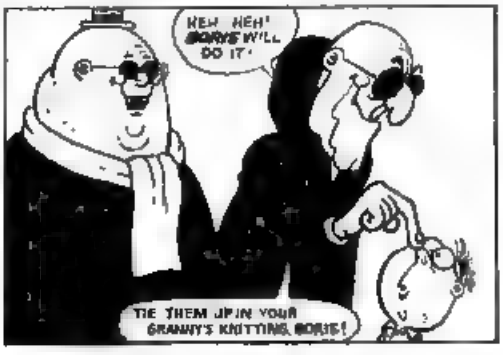
SEND 1/- TODAY —
ASK FOR LOT No. 557

BROADWAY APPROVALS
50 Denmark Hill,
London, S.E.5

TELL YOUR PARENTS YOU ARE ANSWERING THIS AD.

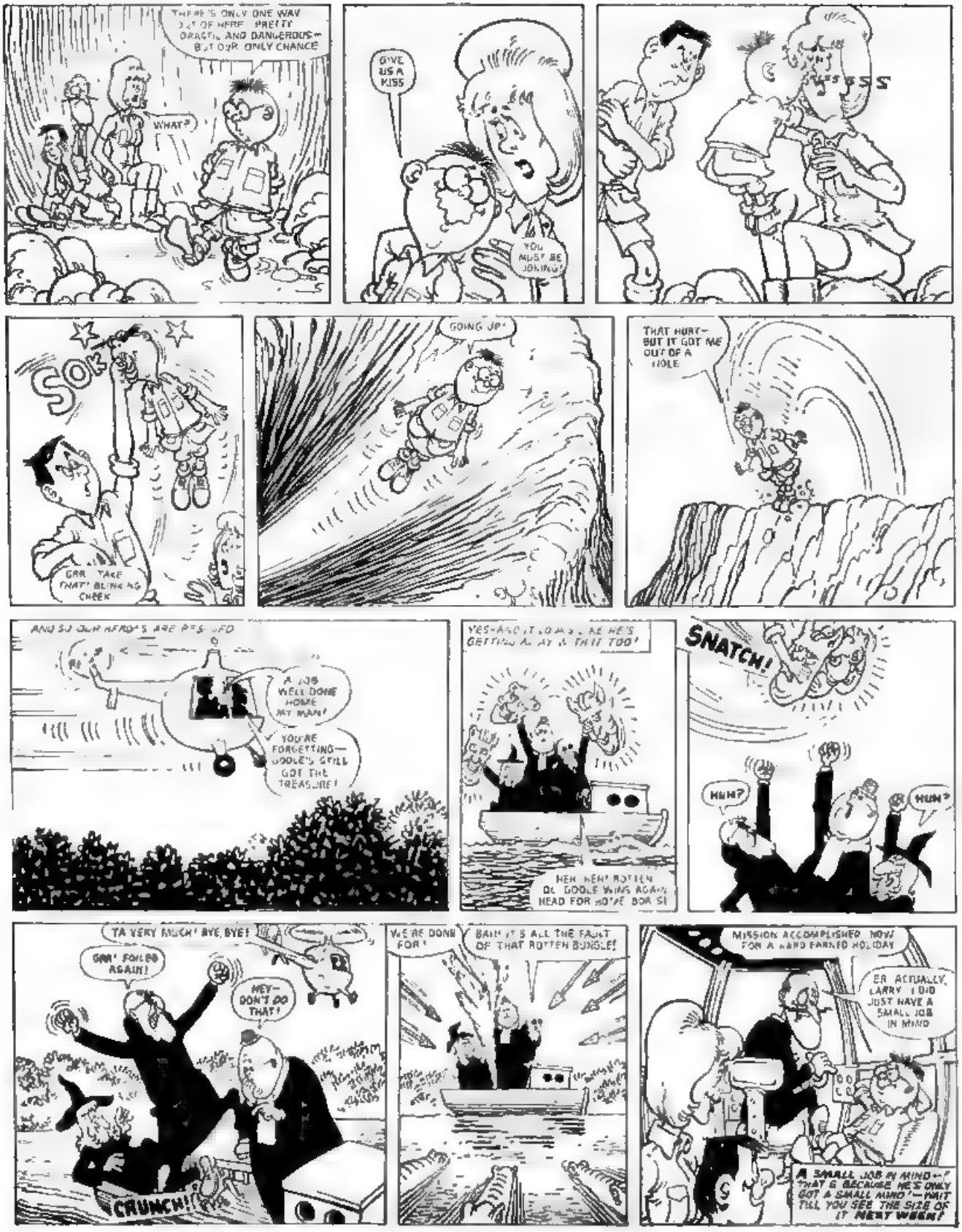
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE THE TREASURE OF ARK!-BU-BARB FROM THE CLUTCHES OF GOOLE, BORIS AND GRANNY BUNGLE AND HIS TWO EXPLORER FRIENDS FALL INTO THE DOCTOR'S MERCILESS HANDS...



YEEK! I'M TOO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RESCUE US— WELL GET RESCUING OR I'LL REPORT YOU FOR INEFFICIENCY!
YOU'RE TOO LATE MATE— LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO BE FIRED ANYWAY!

JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN! I HAD IT ALL PLANNED!
BAH— YOU TOOK YOUR TIME GETTING HERE! I RAN OUT OF TOBACCO AND HAD TO SMOKE RHUBARB!


THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF HERE PRETTY DRASTIC AND DANGEROUS— BUT OUR ONLY CHANCE
WHAT?
GIVE US A KISS
YOU MUST BE JOKING!
SOK
GRR TAKE THAT! BLINKING CHEEK
GOING UP!
THAT HURT— BUT IT GOT ME OUT OF A HOLE
AND SO OUR HERO'S ARE RESCUED
A JOB WELL DONE HOME MY MAN!
YOU'RE FORGETTING— DOODLE'S STILL GOT THE TREASURE!
YES—AND IT LOOKS AS HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THIS TOO!
HEH HEH! ROTTEN OL' DOODLE WINS AGAIN! HEAD FOR HOME BOYS!
SNATCH!
HEH?
HUH?
TA VERY MUCH! BYE, BYE!
GRR! FOILED AGAIN!
HEY— DON'T DO THAT!
CRUNCH!!
WE'RE DONE FOR!
BAH! IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THAT ROTTEN BUNGLE!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED NOW! FOR A HARD EARNED HOLIDAY
ER ACTUALLY, LARRY I DID JUST HAVE A SMALL JOB IN MIND
A SMALL JOB IN MIND—! THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S ONLY GOT A SMALL MIND'—WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE SIZE OF IT NEXT WEEK!

THE ADVENTURES OF
ANGLO ACE
Dear Anglo Ace, The dreaded Kang are going to beat us in the Bowl in England tonight
KRACK!
HE IS FINALLY OVERCOME AND DRAGGED OFF TO THE GANG'S UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT AND THE DREADED KANG HIMSELF!
HELLO BOBO! AS CONFIDENTLY SAY THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! NOW WE MUST SURE YOU NEVER INTERFERE WITH DREADED KANG AGAIN!
ACE IS SEALED INSIDE BY A 6 INCH THICK STEEL CONTAINER
AND HURLED INTO A BOTTOMLESS UNDERGROUND POOL
SH
BUT ACE IS FAR FROM FINISHED! HIS LASER TORCH CUTS THROUGH THE POWERFUL METAL LIKE BUTTER
LLLLL
HEE HEE! JUST AS I TOLD MYSELF TONTOMO, HOPE YOU FOUND OF SWIMMING ARE ANGLO ACE! HEE HEE!
HE SWIMS TO THE SURFACE OF THE POOL AND RESTS ON A ROCK
THIS IS WHERE THE ACTION ROCKETS IN HE BOOTS COME IN HANDY!
WITH HIS SUPERSONIC LEAP HE REACHES THE ROOF OF THE CAVE
HOW DARE THEY TOOK MY BUBBLE GUN! I WONDER WHERE IT IS?
WHOOOSH
I WONDER WHERE ACE IS? REJOICING ACE CREEPS UP— AND SPIES THE BUBBLE GUN
HE GRABS IT AND SHOOTS A GIGANTIC BUBBLE!
ZUP
THE GANG ARE TRAPPED THE DREADED KANG TRIES TO ESCAPE BUT
POW!
BUBBLY
WELL HE WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN! NOW IT'S TIME TO RELAX - WITH BUBBLY! WHY DON'T YOU DO THE SAME? OR TRY ONE OF THE OTHER ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS — THEY'RE ALL GREAT!
ANGLO
TWO TONE BUBBLE GUM
TIP TOP
ANGLO PEAR

ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

AAH! IT'S NO USE! THESE ROPES WON'T LOOSEN AN INCH!

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE METAL MEN. THEY ARRIVE IN A TWELFTH CENTURY EUROPEAN VILLAGE, TO FIND THE VILLAGERS TERRIFIED OF A STRANGE OBJECT HOVERING IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM!

CONVINCED THAT ROLLO AND DANNY ARE CONNECTED WITH THE EVIL CRAFT, THEY INTEND TO BURN THEM ALIVE!

BUT THEN, AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES CRACKLE EVER MORE FIERCELY AROUND THE HELPLESS LEGEND TESTERS — THE GREAT SHAPE IN THE SKY BEGINS TO DESCEND.

AND THE HUGE SPACE-CRAFT — FOR THIS IS INDEED WHAT IT IS — LANDS GENTLY ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE!

AND AS IT LANDS THERE HISSES FROM IT A CLOUD OF EXHAUST VAPOUR THAT ENVELOPES THE ENTIRE VILLAGE.

IT IS A GAS ENTIRELY UNKNOWN ON THIS PLANET! AND IT SAVES THE LIVES OF ROLLO AND DANNY!

FOR SUCH IS THE NATURE OF IT, THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR FIRE OF ANY KIND TO EXIST WITHIN IT — AND THUS, THE FLAMES WHICH THREATEN ROLLO AND DANNY ARE SNUFFED OUT!

AND AS THE VAPOUR DISPERSES..

IT DIDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! BUT WE'RE SAVED!

BUT IT COULD BE THAT AN EVEN GREATER DANGER IS TO THREATEN US! LOOK!

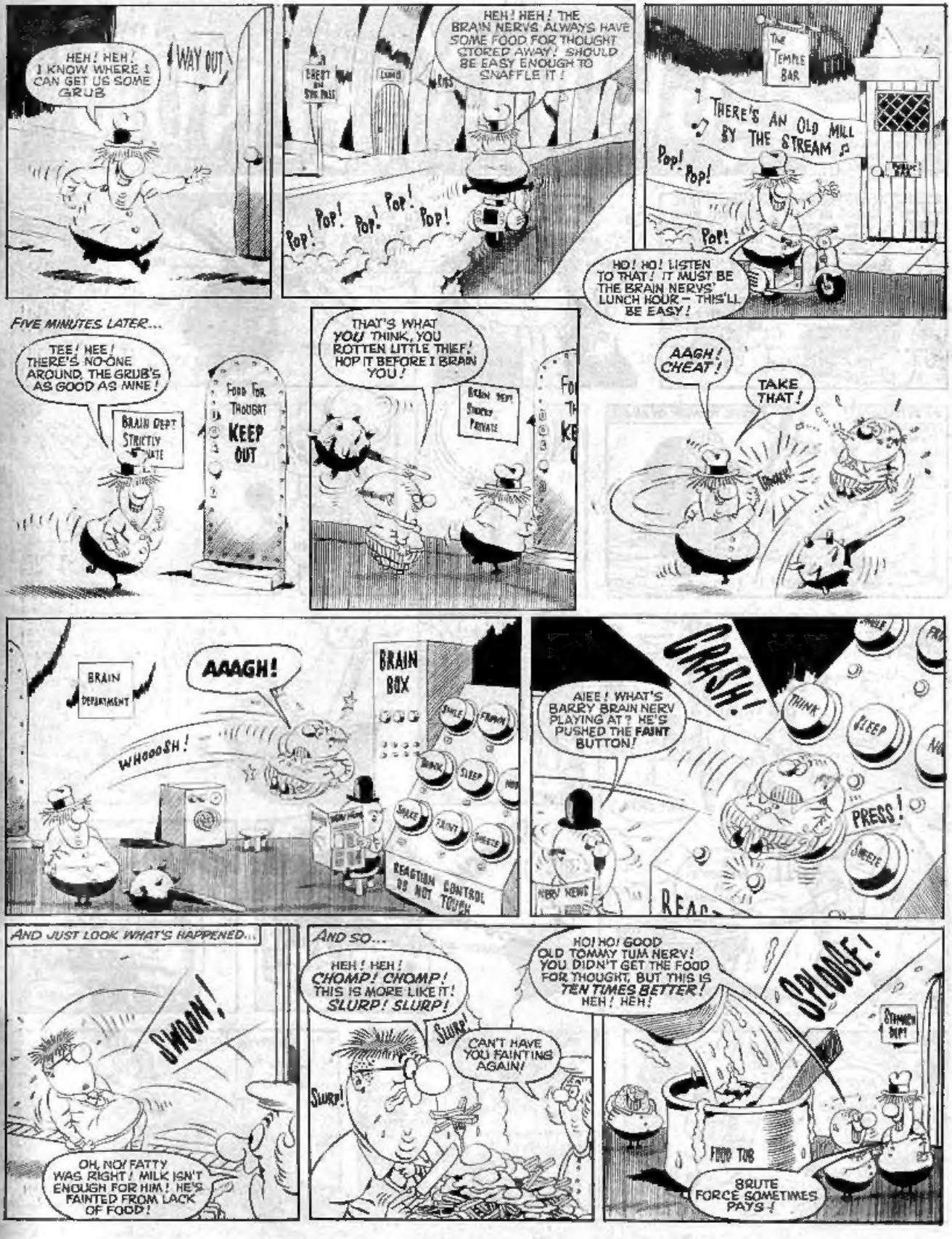
A DOOR IN THE SPACE-SHIP HAS OPENED AND FROM IT STEPS A GLISTENING, METALLIC FIGURE..

WHAT ARE THEY ROLLO? CAN THEY BE MEN?

NOT AS WE KNOW MEN, DANNY! THEIR BODIES SEEM TO BE COMPOSED OF SOME SORT OF METAL!

STRANGE EQUIPMENT IS BROUGHT FROM THE SPACE-SHIP AND THE METAL MEN SET TO WORK WITH STAGGERING SPEED...
THEY'VE ASSEMBLED SOME SORT OF MACHINE! BUT WHAT CAN ITS PURPOSE BE?
THEY ARE SOON TO KNOW!
THE PROBE MACHINE IS READY!
GOOD SWITCH ON!
A FAINT WHIR COMES FROM THE MACHINE AS IT SPRINGS TO LIFE! AND THEN IT SEEMS THAT THE ENTIRE WORLD IS BEING SHAKEN BY A GIGANTIC HAND!
FOR A LONG MINUTE THE EARTH ROCKS ON ITS AXIS... AND THEN THE METAL MEN SWITCH OFF!
WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE DOING, THEY'LL SHAKE THE WHOLE WORLD TO PIECES IF THEY'RE NOT STOPPED!
WE'VE GOT TO GET FREE!
THEY'VE SEEN US, ROLLO! I CAN'T TELL FROM THEIR METAL FACES WHAT THEY'RE THINKING! BUT THEY APPEAR TO BE UNARMED!
STRANGE! THEY'RE MERELY RAISING THEIR HANDS AT US! I DON'T LIKE IT, DANNY!
ROLLO STRAINS ONCE MORE AGAINST HIS BONDS—BUT THIS TIME, THEY PART QUITE EASILY!
I'VE BROKEN THE ROPES!—AND YOU CAN DO THE SAME, DANNY!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S AS IF THEY'RE SUDDENLY OLD AND ROTTEN! THAT VAPOUR MUST HAVE WEAKENED THE FIBRE!
AND—SOMEHOW—WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE METAL MEN! GOT TO TRY TO REASON WITH THEM!
A-AAH...!
IT—IT'S SOME SORT OF STUN RAY—AND IT COMES FROM THEIR FINGERS...!
TH—THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T NEED WEAPONS!
AND AS ROLLO AND DANNY SINK TO THE GROUND...
START THE MACHINE AGAIN!
NEXT ISH: THAT WHICH LIES AT THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH!

THE NERVS
YOU'RE TOO FAT, LAD—MUCH TOO FAT! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT YOU ON A MILK DIET!
GROAN! I'LL NEVER EXIST JUST ON MILK!
PROD!
I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE, BUT I KNOW IT WON'T WORK!
GLUG!
GLUG!
IN FATTY'S STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
EATING TIME AGAIN, LADS – THERE'S THE MILK, NEXT WILL COME THE SOUP— AND THEN BOILED BEEF AND CARROTS, SEMOLINA PUD AND CHOCOLATE BISCUITS!
SPLOOSH.
STOMACH DEPT.
MILK ONLY
SLURP! SLURP!
WHOOSH!
AAGH! MORE MILK! WHAT'S HE PLAYING AT?
WHERE'S THE CHICKEN SOUP? GLUG!
GRRR! WE CAN'T LIVE ON MILK! WE'RE NOT CATS!
I'LL CATCH MY DEATH OF COLD! BAH!
STOMACH DEPT.
IT'LL HAVE TO GO, WE'RE KNEE DEEP IN MILK ALREADY! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO PUT IT, 'COS WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MILK CHURNS!
STOMACH DEPT.
MEANWHILE...
STEADY ON, LAD IF YOU DRINK MUCH MORE, IT'LL BE COMING OUT OF YOUR EARS.
GLUG!
GLUG!
AND IN FATTY'S EAR DEPARTMENT...
SHHH! QUIET PLEASE
HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE STOMACH CLOTS DOING? THEY SHOULDN'T BE UP HERE!
EAR DRUM
HEH! HEH! THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET RID OF ALL THAT MILK!
?
AAAGH! IT'S HAPPENING! IT IS COMING OUT OF HIS EARHOLE!
HO! HO! DID YOU SEE FATTY'S FACE? WHAT A LAUGH!
HEE! HEE!
HO! HO!
HA! HA! HA!
YAK! YAK!
GIGGLE!
STRAIGHT OUT OF HIS EARHOLE! HEH! HEH! HEH!
OH, DEAR! I'LL NEVER KEEP THIS UP! I'M STARVING!
RUBBISH! YOU'LL GET ALL THE VITAMINS YOU NEED FROM MILK, SO STOP MOANING, YOU BIG BABY!
IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
LISTEN TO HER! SHE DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT! WE'RE STARVING! WE CAN'T LIVE ON MILK!
STOMACH DEPT.


HEH! HEH! I KNOW WHERE I CAN GET US SOME GRUB
WAY OUT
HEH! HEH! THE BRAIN NERVS ALWAYS HAVE SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT STORED AWAY! SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO SNAFFLE IT!
POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!
THE TEMPLE BAR
THERE'S AN OLD MILL BY THE STREAM
POP! POP! POP!
HO! HO! LISTEN TO THAT! IT MUST BE THE BRAIN NERVS' LUNCH HOUR — THIS'LL BE EASY!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
TEE! HEE! THERE'S NO-ONE AROUND, THE GRUB'S AS GOOD AS MINE!
BRAIN DEPT STRICTLY PRIVATE
FOOD FOR THOUGHT KEEP OUT
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE THIEF! HOP IT BEFORE I BRAIN YOU!
BRAIN DEPT STRICTLY PRIVATE
AAGH! CHEAT!
TAKE THAT!
BRAIN DEPARTMENT
AAAGH!
WHOOOSH!
BRAIN BOX
SMILE
FRAIN
THINK
SLEEP
SPACE
FAINT
SWEETS
REACTION CONTROL DO NOT TOUCH
CRASH!
AIEE! WHAT'S BARRY BRAIN NERV PLAYING AT? HE'S PUSHED THE FAINT BUTTON!
THINK
SLEEP
PRESS!
SWEETS
NERV NEWS
AND JUST LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED...
SWOON!
OH, NO! FATTY WAS RIGHT! MILK ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM! HE'S FAINTED FROM LACK OF FOOD!
AND SO...
HEH! HEH! CHOMP! CHOMP! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! SLURP! SLURP!
SLURP!
SLURP!
CAN'T HAVE YOU FAINTING AGAIN!
HO! HO! GOOD OLD TOMMY TUM NERV! YOU DIDN'T GET THE FOOD FOR THOUGHT, BUT THIS IS TEN TIMES BETTER! HEH! HEH!
SPLOOSE!
STEPHEN BURP
FOOD TUB
BRUTE FORCE SOMETIMES PAYS!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
I SEE PROFESSOR VON FRANKIE IS IN TOWN! HE'S GOT A BRILLIANT MIND! WITH A BRAIN LIKE HIS, I'D BE THE BEST CRIMINAL IN ALL THE WORLD! IF ONLY HE WOULD TEACH ME A THING OR TWO!
AND WHY NOT?
TEE! HEE! I'M GOING TO GET THE PROFESSOR'S AUTOGRAPH! AREN'T I CLEVER?
MY AUTOGRAPH? CERTAINLY, SONNY, GIVE ME YOUR PEN!
???
HELP! HELP!
SNIGGER! SNIGGER! IT'S UP TO SQUELCH NOW!
HEE! HEE! HERE HE COMES! NOW TO KIDNAP HIM!
POP!
RAT-A-TAT
RAT TAT TAT
YA-ERK!
A BALLOON'S-EYE! HER! HER!
OH, WELL CAUGHT, SIR! SNIGGER!
FIENDS!
H'M! I'VE STILL GOT THE FOUNTAIN-PEN!
I'VE AN INKLING OF AN IDEA! HEE! HEE!
SPLOSH!
TAKE THAT!
AIEE! CHEAT!
NOW I'LL BLOT HIM!
BURBLE!
HELP! WHAT HAPPENED? CALL HIM OFF!
THIS IS WHERE YOU COP OUT!
HERE'S AN INK BLOT FOR YOU!
MUH! IT DOESN'T PAY TO TACKLE BLOKES CLEVERER THAN YOURSELF! BAH!